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WILLIAM P. COOPER, JR.

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE NO. 163.

TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksbury Register is published in Clarksbury, Va., every Wednesday morning, at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or at the expiration of six months from the time of subscribing; after which \$2.50 will invariably be charged. No subscription will be received for a less period than six months. No paper will be discontinued except at the option of the proprietor, until all arrearages are paid up—and those who do not order their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at \$1.00 per square of twelve lines for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction on the above rates will be made to those who advertise by the year. No advertisement counted less than a square. The number of insertions must be specified, or the advertisement will be continued and charged accordingly. An announcement of candidates for office \$2.00. Marriages and Deaths inserted gratis. All communications, to insure attention, must be accompanied by the author's name and post-office.

The Late Mob at Parkville, Missouri.

The telegraph has already given an account of the destruction by a mob of the office of the Parkville (Mo.) Luminary, published by George S. Park and W. J. Patterson. It appears the editors did not comment upon emigration from the North to Kansas in terms suitable to the mob, and hence the destruction of their office, accompanied by other indignities. The St. Louis Intelligencer, referring to the proceedings of a meeting of the mob, says:

"They proceeded to the office, tore the press from the building, mounted it with a cap labelled 'Boston Aid,' marched it deliberately through the streets of the town, and tossed it into the Missouri river. They had determined not only to wreak their vengeance on the mute wheels and levers of the printing-press, but to give the owners thereof a taste of their wrath, also. They dragged Mr. Patterson, one of the editors of the Luminary, into the street forced him to witness the destruction of his property, and then prepared to tar, feather, and ride him on a rail. But a guardian and protecting angel was sent to save the unresisting man from the mortifying disgrace and degraded punishment ready to be inflicted on him by the enraged populace. His devoted wife clung to him to the last—'stuck to him like a leech,' as a brutal eye-witness and narrator of the scene expressed it—and endeavored to defend him, by her feeble strength, from the fury of the crowd. She succeeded. Her frail form was an effective shield, and saved her husband from the infliction of a personal outrage supposed to be fit only for villains."

But while he was spared the disgrace of tar and feathers, he was given to understand that he could remain no longer in Parkville. The mob resolved itself into a committee, and resolved that if he and his colleague, Mr. Park, were found in the county at the end of three weeks, they should follow their press, and find a grave in the waves of the Missouri. Mr. Park was absent at the time, and is perhaps, indebted to that fact for his exemption from the same humiliation visited on his associate.

The Luminary was not an Abolitionist paper, nor were its owners, Messrs. Park & Patterson, free-soilers. One of them—Park, we believe is the owner of slaves, and not at all likely to publish opinions which, while endangering the slave property of others, would also jeopardize the safety of his own. But the Luminary spoke no hard and bitter words against the emigrants to Kansas from the North. It did not call them "hiredlings" and "white slaves," bought up and sent out by northern capitalists to plant the standard of Free-soilism on the soil of Kansas. It welcomed all settlers with open arms, and encouraged emigration to the new territory from all quarters, because its owners knew that the rapid settlement of Kansas by industrious and thrifty emigrants would augment the trade, and advance the interests of the border towns and cities of Missouri. For this they were "spotted," tried by a self-constituted jury, found guilty, condemned and ordered to leave the State.

Another account states that while Patterson's wife was clinging to him, and beseeching the mob to spare him, they took a vote to whether they would tar and feather him, and a small majority decided to let him off. Among the resolutions adopted by them was one, that Park or Patterson must leave the State, but if they went to Kansas, they (the mob) pledged themselves to go there and hang them wherever they found them. Another resolution was to this effect:

"That we will suffer no person belonging to the Northern Methodist Church to preach in Platte county, after this date, under penalty of tar and feathers, for the first offence, and a hemp rope for the second."

This outrageous conduct of the mob, we are pleased to see is denounced by the St. Louis press.

IMPROVEMENT IN HAND PRINTING PRESSES.—Messrs. E. Mathers and Wm. D. Siegfried, of this place, have received a Patent for an Apparatus for feeding paper to Hand Printing Presses. The improvement consists in the arrangement of a feed-board, side-rod, clamps, &c., for conveying the sheet under the platen and withdrawing it, after the impression is made, simultaneously with the moving of the form. A rolling apparatus is adjusted to the feed-board, and worked by the movement of the press. The tympan and frisket are dispensed with, and the blankets adjusted to the platen.

The patentees claim a saving of one half the time and labor usually spent upon hand presses, a better distribution of the ink, and more systematic and perfect working of the press. We have not yet looked into the improvement much, but if it fulfils the claims of the inventors it will prove a valuable addition to printing machinery. —*Morgantown Mirror.*

From the Richmond Enquirer.

THE PROUD ATTITUDE OF VIRGINIA.

Every mail brings us the most cheering intelligence of the healthy condition of the Democracy in all portions of the State. We have before us letters from intelligent citizens of Rockingham and Halifax—strongholds of Democracy—which state that our party was never more thoroughly aroused than they have been by the snealing, hypocritical, and monstrous movement of the under-ground party, and that our friends will do their whole duty. The bragging manifestoes of the Know-Nothing are estimated at their real worth, and the recent developments of the proscription and tyrannical character of the secret organization, are having a powerful effect everywhere. Good men and conservatives of all parties are rapidly coming to the conclusion that our institutions are in imminent danger, if the midnight plotters, who are avowedly in such intimate association with our worst enemies at the North, should succeed in placing the destinies of the State under the control of a secret and irresponsible Council, controlled by the North. The eyes of conservatives of all parties, at the South, are opened to the mischievous workings of the secret Order, and the tide of opposition to the most disgraceful and dangerous organization that ever stained the annals of Virginia, is rising in every quarter, to overwhelm the conspirators against popular rights.

The contest in Virginia is anxiously watched throughout the Union. It is a contest between Truth vindicated in the light of day, and Intolerance and Proscription, managed in the darkness of night. In Virginia the issue cannot be doubtful. While, (eloquently says the Warrenton, (N. C.) News) "the whole North seems to have been carried away by the new movement—while fanaticism is spreading its contagious influence throughout New England and the Middle States to the Northwest, all eyes are turned to the contest now going on in Virginia; and the lovers of the Union, as well as the conservative men of all creeds and sects, confidently look to this noble old Commonwealth to roll back the tide of innovation from her borders, and to save the South from the foul stain of Abolitionism. Virginia has on many previous occasions saved the Democracy of the Union. She has never swung from her Democratic moorings, but has always stood firm and steadfast amid the political storms and convulsions that have shaken the Union. It is her well known bugle that has summoned to renewed action the Democratic forces, whenever they have sustained a temporary defeat. She has always constituted the centre column of the great army of Democracy, and has never faltered nor fallen back before the shock of battle, although both wings may have been dismayed and totally routed."

"If this proud old State should give way," says the News, "in the present struggle, and should lend her name and ancient renown to the support and encouragement of the destructive policy of the Know-Nothings, it would be the severest blow ever yet inflicted upon the great Democratic party of the United States, and consequently upon the Union. We verily believe that the safety of the Union itself is involved in this momentous contest going on in our sister State. But we have scarcely any apprehensions for the final result. Our confidence in the honor and chivalry of the Virginians is too great to allow us to fear for one moment that they will not retrace in the most severe and striking manner, this attempt on the part of corrupt politicians and Know-Nothing schemers to hitch Virginia to the Car of Juggernaut, which threatens to crush the liberties and to subvert the proud character of her people. No—no. Virginia is safe. The land of Jefferson, of Madison, of Monroe, and Tyler, will never array herself on the side of Know-Nothing Abolitionists. To her is reserved the noble distinction of beating back the mad wave of fanaticism to its own proper home, and of thus securing for herself the glorious name of the SAVIOUR OF THE DEMOCRACY AND OF THE SOUTH. Virginia contains the Tenth Legion of Democracy, which never fails her in times of trial."

"The whole State is to the national party what her tenth legion is to herself, what the tenth legion of the Roman army was to Caesar, a safe, reliable, never-failing body-guard. She has a leader worthy of her 'ancestral fame,' a leader around whom her whole Democracy may safely, may bravely rally. HENRY A. WISS is a bold, fearless, independent, honest, and able champion of Democracy.—He is worthy of Virginia in her palmy days. He is the most powerful orator, perhaps, now living, and devotes all his abilities to the service of the people. We sincerely hope he may be elected by the largest, the most overwhelming majority that has ever been bestowed upon any one man in the State, and we believe that he will."

"If Virginians stand firm now, it will inspire the whole South with new energy and new hopes. It will serve to heighten our conviction that the fusionists will never obtain a foothold south of the Potomac. This is a great vantage-ground. The South, united in one solid phalanx, can proudly and successfully withstand all the combined forces of the disunionists of the North, and can and will save the Union by the moral force of her position, relying as she does on the eternal principles of Truth, and fortified by the ramparts of the Constitution of the country. Our only hope is a 'Union of the South for the sake of the Union.' Let this be our battle-cry during this momentous contest, a contest that involves nothing less than the salvation of the Federal Union, and the preservation of constitutional freedom."

WANTED.—A school-teacher who never gets wrally.

THE INQUISITORIAL COMMITTEE.

We all owe some respect to our common manhood, and feel a proper degree of indignation when the standard is lowered even by those who move in the sub-ordered walks of life. How much more indignant should we become when we hear of men holding the responsible position of Senators and Representatives of a State, disgracing themselves by acts which would degrade a libertine. The facts brought out by the testimony taken before a Committee of the Legislature, appointed to investigate the conduct of the Inquisitorial Committee, while on their examination of the Roxbury Catholic School, must call the blush of shame to the cheek of every honorable person. One member of the Senate named Hiss, is proved by the testimony of the Lady Superior, not only to have behaved towards her in the most indecent manner, but also to have played the impostor to hide his impudent and gross familiarity by taking the name and personating another member of the Senate, named Evans. No one but a lascivious scoundrel, who had lost all self-respect, would have acted as he did towards the Lady Superior, and no one but a contemptible coward would have assumed another gentleman's name, in order to hide his own baseness, and cast odium upon an innocent fellow Senator. It would seem that Know-Nothingism, not content with warring against the constitutional rights of our adopted citizens and the native-born of a particular religious faith, also seeks to demoralize society, by overturning all the moral obligations which bind it together, by assailing and insulting defenceless women. Whether do we tend? Are we to be brutalized that Know-Nothingism may obtain success? If such is to be the standard of unadulterated Americanism, we exclaim, in the fulness of our heart, from such a condition God deliver us. But it appears that the actions of some members of the Inquisitorial Committee did not stop with a licentious familiarity. The house of prayer was tumultuously invaded, and indecorous language indulged in within the sanctuary. One lady was alarmed while kneeling at the altar, by the noise, and her rosary clutched by one of the inquisitors. It matters not whether the living God is worshipped in the Kirk or the cathedral, in the Gloister or the Class-room—wherever man is accustomed to bow in adoration to his holiness, that place should be held in respect, if not veneration. To the right minded, the solemn stillness of a place of worship, whatever may be the creed, excites an awe in the visitor, not for the brick or stone which compose the dwelling, but for the Great Spirit to whose service it has been dedicated. He who has never experienced this feeling is little better than an infidel. The testimony taken does not show what members of the Committee entered the Chapel in a turbulent manner, but whoever they were, we incline to the opinion that they are steeped in Eastern infidelity. One brute stooped over a sick lady in bed so close that she felt his hot breath upon her face. Recollect that these men are not the low brayers of the street corners and seegar stores; but are the selected representatives of a new political party, whose boast it has been that it will reform society and Americanise our people. What such a party is capable of performing, may be imagined from the conduct of its incipient state. The morals which it would instil, are those which prevail among the legions of darkness, of which the Know-Nothings are a perfect type. From such kind of reform may we ever be secure.—*Pennsylvania.*

A chair, a broken table,
A bed of dirty straw,
A hearth all dark and cheerless—
But these I scarcely saw;
For the mournful sight before me,
The sad and sickening show—
Oh! I had I ever pictured
A scene so full of woe!

The famished and the naked,
The babes that pine for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around the dying bed;
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar;
Was I suddenly transported
To 'Borroboola-Gha.'

Ah, no! no! the poor and wretched
Were close behind the door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.
Alas! for the cold and hunger
That met me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away.

There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know;
Our Lord commands his servants
Through all the world to go.
Not only for the HEATHEN;
This was his charge to them—
"Go preach the word, beginning
First at Jerusalem."

Oh! Christian, God has promised
Who'er to thee has given
A word of pure cold water,
Shall find reward in heaven.
Would you secure the blessing,
You need not seek it far;
Go, in your yonder hall,
A 'Borroboola-Gha.'

A STIRRING APPEAL.

The following able and patriotic letter from a distinguished Whig, will not fail to attract the attention it deserves.

STANTON, April 9, 1855.
MY DEAR SIR.—On my return to-day from Shenandoah, where I had been for the last week attending a session of the Circuit Court of that county, I received your kind and flattering invitation to address the people of Richmond City.

Permit me to tender to yourself and the committee from whom it emanated, my grateful thanks for the honor you have done me. But I fear that constant and unavoidable professional engagements will place it out of my power to visit Richmond between this and the 4th Thursday in May. On the 12th inst, I must be in Rockbridge, and thence to Highland, this place and Albemarle in rapid succession. Nothing, I assure you, would give me more pleasure than to address the intelligent people of Richmond, on the interesting questions of the present canvass—to tell them how blighting to the free spirit of our country the secret mystery of Know-Nothingism must prove—how demoralizing it will be to our own children, the hitherto, high-minded, openhearted, bold youths of Virginia, who are being educated in the sneaking arts of secrecy and espionage—to be taught by their fathers to spy out all the political actions of their fellow men, and yet, to keep their own actions and 'objects,' in reference to matters which necessarily concern all, a profound secret—to publish platforms of pretended principles, suited to every latitude and every taste; for the purpose of gaining proselytes, while they feel the degrading consciousness, that they are prohibited, by horrible oaths, from ever revealing their real objects, and principles outside of their Order—and while a disgusted world is forced to conclude, either that their platforms are filled with false professions, intended to mislead, or that those who published them are perjured.

Has any party a right to political secrets? In private associations men may conceal matters which concern themselves alone. But policies, relating necessarily to the affairs or conduct of government, in which every citizen has an equal stake, how can a party be tolerated in withholding, from any portion of our citizens, information on a subject, which vitally concerns every one of them? In a small partnership, if a portion of the partners were to conceal from the others their designs in reference to the social funds,

CARRYING OUT THE DOCTRINES OF THE PARTY.—The Know-Nothing Legislature of Massachusetts has passed a law directing colored children to be received in the public schools of that State upon an equality with the whites.—*Ec.*

What say you to this, poor men of Virginia? Are you willing to hold brotherhood with a party who deny the right of citizenship to a white man because he was born in a foreign land, and yet compel the poor white natives of their own State to educate their sons and daughters in the same schools with negroes? [Star of the Kanawha Valley.]

"BORROBOOLA-GHA."

A stranger preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came,
To hear a two hour sermon
With a barbarous sounding name;
'Twas all about some heathens
Thousands of miles afar,
Who lived in a land of darkness
Called "Borroboola-Gha."

So well their wants he pictured,
That when the plates were passed,
Each listener felt his pockets,
And goodly sums were cast;
For all must lend a shoulder,
To push the rolling car,
That carried light and comfort
To "Borroboola-Gha."

That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation
I took my morning stroll,
Till something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And looking down with wonder,
I saw a little child.

A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn;
What could she want, I questioned,
Impatient to be gone.

With trembling voice she answered,
"We live just down the street,
And mummy she's a droll,
And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a wretched basement,
With mould upon the walls,
Thro' whose half-buried windows
God's sunshine never falls;
Where cold and want, and hunger,
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found a fellow creature
Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,
A bed of dirty straw,
A hearth all dark and cheerless—
But these I scarcely saw;
For the mournful sight before me,
The sad and sickening show—
Oh! I had I ever pictured
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There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know;
Our Lord commands his servants
Through all the world to go.
Not only for the HEATHEN;
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"Go preach the word, beginning
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their associates so excluded, would be justified in forming a conclusion of dishonesty, and a court of justice would interfere. In ordinary intercourse of life, an honest man of ordinary humanity, possessed of a secret which concerns his neighbor's interest, feels bound by a high moral obligation to disclose it to him whom it interests. Yet, here is a political party intermeddling in the dark with the affairs of government, which involve your and my life, liberty and property, and those of our children, and millions of others, and yet they coolly refuse to let us know what their objects are until we shall be informed by such results as they may hereafter produce. By their own showing they are enemies to popular government—for in such a government the whole community participates.

But they show their enmity, in various other forms. They practically deny the capacity of the people to govern, and therefore, establish aristocratic councils, with a great consolidated and controlling head, located most fully, somewhere near "the five points" in the city of New York. Power with them, instead of being vested in the people and emanating from them, is vested in those aristocratic councils. The theory of our government requires an appeal from aristocracy to the people. Know-Nothingism reverses that theory, by providing in all cases an appeal from the people to aristocracy.

If the people had capacity for self-government this self-styled American (quære, Aborigine?) party deny their honesty. Therefore, they are never trusted except under oath. And, again, while the spirit of our institutions requires every citizen to exercise his own best judgment in voting for all offices of government—this wonderful invention of Yankeeism requires him to bind himself by solemn oath, not to exercise his own judgment at all, but to give his vote as the majority of a caucus, itself subservient to the mandate of a superior caucus, may order. These are startling novelties to an American ear. Yet, Know-Nothingism, bold in this respect alone, in all others skulking, denying its name, denying its association, refusing to make known its objects, hiding in dark caverns with bats and owls, denounces all as anti American who will not adopt its dogmas! I should like to discuss and dissect the monster, not only under the preceding head, but many others, and especially its Federalism. I should like to show the people of Richmond and the whole South, the cunning device of the Know-Nothing nominee for Governor, instilled into him, no doubt, by the same masters under whom he learned his "Americanism," by which he asks the people of Virginia to deprive themselves of all ground of resistance hereafter, to the Northern plan of intervention in our domestic affairs—by intervening in a crusade against Catholics and foreigners, not because she is suffering any inconvenience from them herself, but in order to rid her sister States of the nuisance.

But I console myself, under my inability to obey your call, that if I went, I would only contribute to the feeble light of a candle, to that glorious sun which has shown and continues to shine among you and enlighten you till the day of election. Wise and Douglas, and a host of others, have told you more than I can tell. But, as I have been a Whig—only say for me to my old Whig friends, that I have looked carefully under the cloak of Know-Nothingism—have lifted with a daring hand the veil that covered the face of the Prophet Sam, and satisfied myself well, that it is not Whiggery, as I had always understood it, and as I knew it was understood and professed by thousands of honest and patriotic men, but monstrous horridum informe ignis cui lumen ademptum. Yes, as blind as a bat, and as dark as Erebus. Let them beware of it, as they love their lives and high reputation. History informs us of many secret political parties, but not of one that I remember, which has not been damned by impartial posterity. This party has much besides its secrecy to give an earlier and deeper condemnation than that which has fallen to the lot of its predecessors. If the Democratic party should follow its lead, what a Hell upon earth their underground fight would make, yet, it would plead example, and the responsibility would be Sam's.

With high regard,
THOMAS J. MITCHELL.

Curious Language for a Free Country. Correspondence of the Penny Post. (K.N.)

BOWLING, GREENS, April, 7th.
"I am one of Sam's full grown sons, and I am certain there are but two dissatisfied children in the Council at the Green and they only want to vote for Col. Dickinson, and that privilege has been granted them and they will vote the Winchester ticket through, save one vote only."

That privilege has been granted them!

SUDDEN DEATH.—Here was a Russian on one knee, in the act of taking aim; the muzzle of his firelock rested on a forked stick. He was dead; the side of his head had been knocked off by a cannon shot. His death was so sudden and quick that he was not knocked down; and the remaining part of his face still looked sternly along the firelock. It was an astonishing sight—every eye that could, came to look at him.—*Letter from the Crimea.*

Gen. Wm. O. Butler, of Ky., declines the Democratic nomination for Congress, and denounces as a slander a report that he has any sympathy with the K. N's.

Hon. Lynn Boyd, has been making a speech at Paducah, Ky., against the Know-Nothings.

Know-Nothingism and Jacobinism—A Historical Parallel.

There is a chapter in the history of modern times in which the nature and tendency of Know-Nothingism may be read and understood by him who does not already foresee the dreadful consummation to which it will conduct the country.—This instructive lesson must be sought, not in the annals of America, for, fortunately, Know-Nothingism is without a precedent in this country; nor will it be found in the history of any epoch of public virtue or national prosperity in any other state. It is a morbid excrement which denotes some disease in the body politic, and some corruption of the social system, and which involves national disgrace and disaster. Hence, if we want the original of Know-Nothingism, and would read its character and career by the prophetic light of history, we must direct our researches to some country and some epoch in which national depravity and national crime are chastised by signal national suffering, and must trace its destructive operation in the overthrow of all the safeguards of public virtue, and in the riotous excess of the most corrupt and violent passions of human nature. This suggestion is enough to turn every mind to the "Reign of Terror" in the French Revolution; and the student will not be slow in discovering the analogy between Know-Nothingism and Jacobinism, the source and instrument of all the atrocities which make the record of this period the blackest and bloodiest page in human history.

The Jacobin Club was instituted at an early stage of the French Revolution, and its ostensible, perhaps its real purpose at that time, was to give impulse and organization to the popular insurrection against feudal despotism. But it soon fell under the control of the worst men in the nation—of men in whose character and conduct the utmost depravity of human nature was illustrated—and was perverted from its original end into an instrument of the bloodiest crime and the most execrable tyranny. Its meetings were held at night; the room was feebly lit, and frequently was its composure disturbed by the bats that flitted along the vast and gloomy vaults of the convent in which it hid itself when in travail with its prodigious offspring of crime. "Never was a man of honor, seldom a man of virtue," writes the historian, "admitted into this society; it had a secret horror for every one who was not attached to its fortress by the hellish bond of committed wickedness. A robber, an assassin, was as certain of admission as the victim of their violence was of rejection." Here in this den of darkness was rehearsed the bloody drama of insurrection. Here was prepared the programme of proscription and massacre. The leaders of the club were Danton, Marat and Robespierre—names of immortal infamy.

At first the Jacobins were feeble, but by the efficiency of their organization and the plausible novelty of their professions, they spread their clubs all over France, and achieved absolute ascendancy in the nation. Declamation against the pretensions of the church, and ultimately against christianity itself, was the engine of their power. And they were true to this pledge; for the consummate act of their reign was the formal dethronement of Religion, and the impious adoration of Reason, as the Divinity of human nature. They began with an assault on the Catholic establishment, and they left off the work of desecration when there was no religion in the state to rebuke their crimes against Heaven. They began with the fairest professions of philanthropy and of virtuous regard for liberty, and they waded through blood to a despotism, the mere recollection of which will make men shudder to the last syllable of recorded time. No recital of the atrocities of Jacobinism is necessary while the name of Robespierre, its great champion and representative, is familiar among men.

Jacobinism was an exclusive political association; and its animating principles were religious bigotry and political intolerance. The supreme power of the society resided in the central club at Paris, so its mandates were executed by the agency of affiliate associations throughout the country. Through the instrumentality of local elections were determined, and the political power of the state was concentrated in the hands of an oligarchy. Jacobinism usurped a resolute sovereignty over the nation and the government, and the destinies of France were directed at its will. Even while the machinery of an independent government was in existence, Jacobinism engrossed all the energies, and wielded the political power of the state. The Legislative Assembly and the National Convention were successively its slaves, and were employed only to give validity and effect to its decrees. The policy of government, and all its measures, were determined in the Jacobin Club.—From its decisions there was no dissent.—And, inasmuch as the Club was controlled by the most violent, the most desperate, and the most criminal men, France was in effect ruled by the triumvirate of Danton, Marat and Robespierre. The Reign of Terror was not overthrown, and the nation did not recover its security, until the unheard-of atrocities of Jacobinism goaded the people to revolt against its cruel and execrable tyranny.

Know-Nothingism is a secret political association; is animated by religious bigotry and political intolerance; aspires to grasp all the power of the State and to subvert the government; has arranged a confederacy of affiliated societies, which are dependant on the central council, and which are employed to execute its will; to control public sentiment, and to concentrate the energies of the nation in the hands of an oligarchy; and, unless it be arrested before it reaches the object of its lawless ambition, Know-Nothingism, like its great prototype, will overthrow the government and subject the people to the bloody des-

polism of a conspiracy of desperate and criminal men.

History is philosophy teaching by example, says a great writer; and we should heed its impressive lesson.

Death of a Know-Nothing Organ.—The Reveille, a native American paper established in the city of Columbus, Ohio, some time since, closed its brief career a few days ago. We copy the valedictory of its editor:

[From the last number of the Reveille.]
To our PAROISSA.—This is the last number of the Columbus Reveille. The announcement will not astonish many hereabout. The death has been prognosticated for a long time by many disinterested friends (?), and their prophecy has been verified. The Reveille is dead.

When, some four months, since, in connection with Messrs. Bradford, Burger, & Bryan, we commenced the publication of this journal, we did so (as we in our rural verdancy thought) under the most flattering auspices. The Know-Nothing party was then in the flush success. It appeared to be meet that a journal advocating anti party's doctrines should be established in this, the Capital City of Ohio. We endeavored first to examine the minds of many prominent citizens who had on divers occasions, avowed themselves Know-Nothings to the back-bone. They thought the idea an excellent one. They promised their support. One prominent gentleman assured us that we should have from him five hundred subscribers! Many others were alike enthusiastic. "Go in!" said almost every body, and in we went.

We were peculiarly unfortunate in our selection of partners—with the exception alone of Mr. Burger, who we are pleased to say, we ever found to be a gentleman. But the other two individuals, although very good fellows in their way, were ill calculated to conduct a daily paper. We think, then, we are warranted in saying that they materially injured the paper.

One of our "co-mates" dropped off, and Mr. O. H. Bliss dropped in. Lacking principle and brains—with no more knowledge of business than an ordinary idiot—he has been a curse to the interests of the paper; and finally, he has damned himself and disgraced his kin by running off with a gang of besotted wretches, ye! ye! the Thielman Troupe.

The support of the Reveille has from the first been meagre. The aid so stoutly promised has not been rendered. Instead of being patronized, we have been damned. We have labored to make a readable journal; wherein we have failed and plead the untoward circumstances which have from the first surrounded us.

In embarking the Reveille, we cannot express regrets we do not feel, nor thank those who do not deserve it. Our friends all know they have our gratitude—our enemies, that we care nothing about them.

To our brethren of the press, hereabout and abroad, who have spoken kindly words to us, we wish any amount of good luck, and beg of them to look upon us as a "victim of misplaced confidence."

With these few, hastily written lines, we make our bow, while the curtain falls to slow and mournful music, happy in the belief that

"—whatever sky's above,
Here's a heart for every fate!"

T. S. SHEPPARD.

ANSWER TO A WANT.

"WANTED.—A young man wishes to obtain board in a respectable private family where his moral deportment and example would be considered an equivalent. References required. Address B., drawer 63, P. O."

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I find the above advertisement in this morning's Leader, and as it meets my most urgent want, save one, (a husband) permit me to respond to the young man's "want" through your columns.

I am a widow, "fat, fair, and not forty," sole guardian of two daughters, unsophisticated beings, born and nurtured in the "pinney woods" of Maine. My family is "respectable," none of its members having been sent to the State Prison or to Congress; and "private," none of my family having held office, though a distant one did run for assessor. My grandparents sought this country at an early age, actuated like Mr. Harrington, by a desire to "worship God and cheat the Indians after the dictates of their own consciences and the customs of the times."

My daughters are artless beings, as yet uncontaminated by western recklessness and dissipation, and to them the companionship of a young man of "moral deportment and example" would certainly be "equivalent to what he might 'hoist' in the way of board."

Most happy shall I be to welcome this young man to the "comfort of a home," on condition that "always preserving his 'moral deportment and example,' he shall attend my innocent lectures, fairs and prayer meetings, crack the butt-nuts, and hold the silk for winding, teach Matilda Jane graceful yet "moral deportment," and aid Hannah Hemens in requiring "Love Not." Should occasion require, he will be expected to wipe the china (with gold bands,) and polish the door knobs.

In addition to ordinary board, he may expect sausage on Sunday mornings, and fried potatoes on Wednesdays.

Truly yours and his,
MABEL ANTONETTE CARLTON,
Widow 78, Hartman st.
P. S.—This young man will not be tolerated in "taking the spoon."

The Richmond Examiner compares the Winchester K. N. ticket to the Kangaroo, having all its strength in the hind legs and tail, which permits it to do hard work, whilst the weak and idle fore-paws, being nearest the mouth, serve all the food.